A POST-NUPTIAL ODE.

We used to walk together in the twilight,
  He whispering tender words so sweet and low,
As down the green lanes when the dew was falling,
And through the woodlands where the birds were calling,
  We wandered in those hours so long ago.
But now no more we walk in purple gloaming
  Adown the lanes—my love and I—ah, me!
The time has past for such romantic roaming—
  He holds the baby while I'm getting tea.

We used to sit—with lamp turned low—together,
  And talk of love and its divine effects,
When nights were long and wintry was the weather;
Far nobler he than knight with knightly feather,
  And I to him the loveliest of my sex.
Now, oft when wintry winds howl round the gable,
  Immersed in smoke, he pores o'er gold and stocks,
The fact ignored that just across the table
  The loveliest of her sex sits darning socks.

AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

On the 3d of September, to her infinite chagrin, Mrs. Boyne finds herself in London. It happens in this wise: For the last month she has been paying a series of visits. On the 31st of August she was due at a delightful house with an incredible number of "l's" in Wales. On the 30th she received a telegram announcing that her intending hostess was attacked with a mild form of scarlatina. Mild or severe, the result to the guests was the same—the party was put off. Now this, of all others, was the reunion from which Mrs. Boyne had anticipated the most pleasure. It was a charming house; one was always amused there—always met the right people—and the fair lady of whom I write has looked forward to meeting one person who is even more right than all the rest. Not that there is what is euphemistically called any "harm" in her; if she is a little talked about sometimes, what woman with a vestige of good looks is not? She is quite discreet and perfectly well able to take care of herself. She is a handsome young woman of twenty-six; men like and admire her extremely; it pleases her to be liked and admired, especially by the person before alluded to. Her husband is at Aix; he was to have joined her on the 7th in Wales, so she would have had a week's start. Now her anticipations and her realities are ruthlessly dispelled; everything has gone wrong; everything is wretched, miserable, disappointing—all, in the eyes of poor Mrs. Boyne, is for the worst in the worst of all possible worlds. She has, perforce, returned to town. Where was the use of going off alone to spend money, of which she has not too much, and to be bored into the bargain? She is too clever a woman to invite herself to a friend's house. She hates strange hotels, and she is really too good-looking to go about alone. So she came home. Home is a charming place when she is established there, but at the present moment it is quite unlike itself. The carpets are up; her own bedroom is being painted and papered; workmen are about; the butler is away for a holiday; so is the coachman, and her horse is being taken care of by the vet. She cannot drive—a recreation of which she is particularly fond. To add to her vexation, last night her maid, who has been with her five years and who makes dresses that get the credit of coming from Worth or La Ferriere, announced—with a smile on her face, the wretch!—that she was going to be married as soon as Mrs. Boyne could suit herself with another maid. The poor lady could have cried. She could not help saying to the girl that she hoped she might be happy, but feared very much to the contrary; as marriages in that class of life seldom turned out well, and a young woman, from being comparatively a lady, became a wretched drudge. She was sure to have a great many children, and it was more than probable that her husband would beat her, as men of the lower orders invariably did. And then nineteen men out of twenty drink. Mrs. Boyne, taking an interest in her, thought it right to warn her, but the maid smiled and Mrs. Boyne fancied she detected a little ironical curl about the corners of the girl's mouth.

On the afternoon of the 3d of September, then, Mrs. Boyne, in desperately low spirits, started for a walk. She strolled into the Row and took a chair. It is indeed true that—

"A sorrow's crown of sorrow is rememb'ring happier things."

What cheery hours has she spent in this deserted waste. What pleasant talks she has had. What incipient, full-fledged, warning flirtations has she enjoyed here. Now she might fancy herself Alexander Selkirk—there is not even a man to take the penny for her chair. Even that does not afford her the slightest consolation. If her fellow-guest who was to have been at Llewdbrllyll (I am not positive that I have spelled the name correctly) had been reduced to the same straits as herself they might have consoled each other; but a man has always fifty places to go to, particularly a man so good-looking and so desirable in every way as Sir Colin Kilhart. Lost in melancholy meditation Mrs. Boyne fixed her handsome, mournful eyes on the tropical plants in the distance which, however, she does not see, so preoccupied is she with unpleasant thoughts. Presently she is aroused by the crunching of gravel, and turning her eyes in the direction whence the sound proceeds she sees coming towards her with a jaunty, swinging step the figure of a young and well-dressed man. As he approaches she recognizes him to be Dick Bryan, a tolerably intimate acquaintance. The joy depicted on his frank young countenance on catching sight of her must have been flattering to any woman. He held her hand for quite a minute; he feasted his eyes on her face as though he had not seen a good-looking woman for at least a fortnight, and he told her three separate and distinct times how awfully glad he was to see her. Mrs. Boyne's spirits went up at once; she felt better already; in five minutes she had told him all her trouble; her disappointment at her put-off visit; the discomfort of her domestic arrangements; the criminal ingratitude of her maid in marrying. The only thing she forbore to confide to him was her chagrin about Sir Colin. Then Dick in his turn imparted his woes to her; the wonderful shooting he was missing and the desolation and stagnation of which he had been the victim for the past three weeks; and they talked and sympathized until both almost forgot they had a grievance at all.

"I wish I could ask you to come and dine," says Mrs. Boyne regretfully, as she begins to think of bidding her companion good-by; "but the carpet is up and my butler's away, and——"

"O, I shouldn't mind that a bit," answers Dick, who would have been contented to dine on the front doorstep in her delightful company, and then a sudden inspiration seizes him.

"I say, Mrs. Boyne, why shouldn't you dine with me at the ——," naming a popular restaurant, "and do a play afterwards?"

His eyes and tone were eager. The idea is certainly a tempting one. Mrs. Boyne hesitates. A month ago he might as well have asked her to go over to Paris with him for a day or two; but we all know that crime only becomes crime by being found out, and there is not a soul in London. Why not? it would be extremely pleasant, and she can guarantee perfectly that there will not be the very slightest harm in it. Dick pleads so earnestly that she smiles and consents.

"We had better dine at seven," he says, as they part. "I will call for you in a hansom at ten minutes to, and will get a box for ——," mentioning a new play.

Mrs. Boyne's spirits are agreeably exhilarated as she dresses. There is a slight element of excitement in the fact that she is doing something a little bit *risque*. Her maid inwardly resents this display of cheerfulness and makes bitter mental reflections on the ingratitude of ladies.

Punctual to the moment up dashes Dick's "Lowther." Mrs. Boyne takes the precaution to throw a black lace scarf over her head with which if necessary she can partially conceal her face. When they enter the dining-room only three or four people are there, country-cousin-like looking folk; certainly no one Mrs. Boyne ever saw before. Dick has selected a table in a corner sheltered by a pillar, with Mrs. Boyne's chair presenting its back to the rest of the company. Dick is young, but he knows what he is about, and has ordered a thoroughly *recherche* though unostentatious little dinner. Both he and his fair guest are in the highest spirits—the spirits of well-bred people to which noise and loud laughter are not essential. A grouse with a delicate froth bubbling on its breast has just been put on their table, when a lively party enters the room with a considerable amount of bustle. There are two ladies in tremendous toilettes, glittering with diamonds, accompanied by two gilded youths whose shirt-fronts alone are a guarantee of their social status. As a matter of fact, they belong to the Third Life Guards, and Mrs. Boyne is perfectly well acquainted with them; the ladies she does not recognize.

This is rather a bore. She certainly does not want them to see her there with Dick, because the world is uncharitable. Young men are worse than uncharitable; they talk and they have an objectionable way of smiling. After one glance Mrs. Boyne turns her back assiduously to the party. She sees Dick nod, which means that they have recognized him, and of course with the inquisitiveness of their species, they will want to know who he has got with him. She is quite sure, however, that she can trust Dick not to betray her; she has her lace scarf and there is a door by which she can leave the room without passing them. She is a little bit ruffled, but she does not mean to have her evening spoiled by such a trifle, so she goes on talking gaily to Dick. She has just helped herself to two inches of a savory omelette when she sees her companion grow scarlet and look as though he were wishing the floor to give way and swallow him. Like lightning she turns to seek the cause of his embarrassment; and then whatever Dick's feelings may be, they run very far short of her own. Another couple have just entered. The man is—her own husband! Ye gods! what Nemesis is this? The husband who she firmly believed was at Aix! But when the first agonized sensation is over a worse thought comes. Who is his companion? She is small; she is distinctly pretty; she wears the most *voyante* toilette imaginable of brown and the new shades of orange—a dress similar to one I heard a man call a harico-mutton gown; she has a shrill voice, which is distinctly audible the moment she has taken her place.

"By Jove!" gasps Dick, looking at Mrs. Boyne. The situation is too horrible. If Captain Boyne had come in alone it would have been as nothing. They would have welcomed him to their table and could have explained their *rencounter* with a very fair grace. But who is this lady? Who indeed! For there is no suggestion in the minds either of his wife or Dick that Captain Boyne's *tete-a-tete* can be as harmless or as spontaneous as their own. Mrs. Boyne is white and trembling. Her first impulse of fear and embarrassment has given place to furious anger. She feels herself cruelly wronged and insulted. Never, never had she imagined her husband capable of such treachery towards her. In London and not in his own house! In London with a *creature!* Her heart beats to suffocation. She hears the shrill voice, the loud laughter; she sees, though her back is turned, the rainbow-colored garments. And her husband, who hates (or professes that he hates) to hear a woman's voice raised in public, and who thinks every woman ought to dress in black! The hypocrite! the traitor! the—she cannot think of a name bad enough for him. For the first time in her life she comprehends the instinct that makes low-born women (children of nature) fly at a man and try to tear his eyes out.

Poor Dick sits there the image of misery, sympathizing deeply with her and cursing his unlucky fate for having innocently brought about this dreadful catastrophe.

"This is very embarrassing!" says Mrs. Boyne at last, forcing a laugh. Her manner does not deceive Dick.

"What is to be done?" he whispers. "Shall we stay here until they finish dinner and are gone?"

"No; certainly not. That might be another hour and a half; and that dreadful woman's voice goes through my head. Really," with contempt, "I should have given my husband credit for better taste!"

"So should I," assents Dick eagerly, though in his heart he thinks Boyne has got hold of a deuced good-looking little woman.

"I will put my lace over my face, and if I go out directly behind you it will be impossible for any one to recognize me," says Mrs. Boyne.

So, five minutes later, she walks out behind the shelter of Dick's broad shoulders, looking neither to the right or left, and unconscious of the inquisitive glances of the Life Guardsmen and the lady in the harico robe.

At the theatre she laughs and talks gaily, though her mirth, it is true, is somewhat forced. Dick does not second her very well, though his manner is tender and respectful; but when a man feels thoroughly uncomfortable he is seldom artful enough to conceal it. Poor Mrs. Boyne does not even know what the play is about—divorces, judicial separations, are running riot in her brain and a mad longing for revenge. The play is not over when she suggests to her companion that it is time they were going. He jumps up at once. She will not allow him to see her home, so he puts her into a hansom, shuts the doors, and, with a sympathetic pressure of the hand, bids her good-night. He has not even the heart to ask when he shall see her again.

When Mrs. Boyne arrives at her own door her heart throbs painfully. Will her husband have arrived before her? No; there is no sign of him, and her fury redoubles. She controls herself until her maid has left her, and then she bursts into a tornado of passion. If any one had told her twelve hours ago that her husband was capable of inspiring such feelings in her breast, she would have laughed him to scorn. The night she passes is indeed an agonizing one. She sees only one course open to her. When a woman has been publicly outraged her only remedy is in a court of law. And yet none knows better than herself the hateful position of a separated wife. Before she is up next morning a telegram is brought to her. She tears it open: it is from Captain Boyne: "Have just arrived. Shall be home almost as soon as you get this." Her heart almost stands still at the magnitude of his treachery and effrontery. She literally grinds her teeth. Wait until she covers him with confusion! A quarter of an hour later the monster marches smiling into her room. She draws back from his proffered salute with icy coldness, but he does not seem to notice the strangeness of her manner.

"So you crossed over last night?" she asks, looking fixedly at him.

"Yes," he replies briskly; "it was a lovely night. We had a capital crossing.

At this Mrs. Boyne can no longer contain herself.

"O!" she cries, growing scarlet, "you were not dining at the———last night, perhaps, with a painted creature in an orange-colored gown?"

"What do you mean?" he says, looking her full in the face perfectly unabashed.

"I mean what I say," cries Mrs. Boyne with flashing eyes; and she repeats her statement with great emphasis.

Captain Boyne simply smiles.

"Whoever saw me, or thought he saw me, made a mistake," he says, "since at that moment I was in a railway carriage."

For an instant Mrs. Boyne feels like one petrified. Could her eyes have deceived her? She had only cast one hurried glance at him. But no, impossible; it *was* he! This is only the most shameful effrontery on his part.

"It is needless to tell any more lies," she says, icily. "I saw you myself."

With this Captain Boyne's look and manner change at once. He frowns as his wife has very seldom seen him frown before, and looks positively awful.

"O, very well," he says. I thought perhaps you might have the good sense to be discreet, and say nothing, and I was prepared to second you. But since you have not, you must take the consequences. You pretend to me that you are going on a visit in Wales. I come home unexpectedly, and find you dining in a public restaurant alone with a man in the presence of two other men who know you, and going off with him in a hansom afterwards. I shall leave the house in half an hour and go straight to my lawyer. You had better consult yours.

This is turning the tables with a vengeance. Mrs. Boyne is dreadfully frightened and uncomfortable.

"I wrote you to Aix to tell you Mrs. Blank had scarlet fever," she cries. "As for Dick Bryan, I met him by the merest chance in the park yesterday; and as we were both dull, he proposed that we should dine and do a play."

"Of course," sneers Captain Boyne, "you can tell your own story. But facts are stubborn things, and the facts as I choose to interpret them will be quite enough for me."

"And what about *your* facts and *your* companion?" cries poor Mrs. Boyne, white to the lips.

"Nothing could be simpler. The lady with me was Mrs. Cyrus X. Pepper, of New York; whom Lady Dash asked me to see safely across the channel. I believed you to be out of town, the servants away, and the house upside down; so I put up at the same hotel, and took her to dine, and to a play afterwards. Now," severely, "I wish you good-bye. We shall only meet again as strangers." And he turns to go.

"Stay!" cries Mrs. Boyne, bursting into tears. His hand is on the door. "Fred—Fred! stay and listen to me!" cries his wife imploringly.

Captain Boyne turns. To her astonishment he is smiling.

"Don't be a goose, Connie!" he says. "And another time remember that little saying about the mote in your own eye, and don't be so ready to believe the worst of me for doing precisely what you are doing yourself. If you put on your bonnet I'll take you to see Mrs. Cyrus, that you may convince yourself of the truth of my story. She knows lots of your friends."

Thereupon Captain Boyne kissed his wife, and all that day and for many days afterwards they lived in a state of unbroken harmony.—*The World.*

A STALLED HOOSIER.

An Indianapolis ruralist seated himself in a restaurant the other day and began on the bill of fare. After employing three waiters nearly half an hour in bringing dishes to him, he heaved a sigh and whispered, as he put his finger on the bill of fare: "Mister, I've et to thar, and"—moving his finger to the bottom of the bill—"ef it isn't agin' the rule I'd like to skip from thar to thar."—*Pittsburg Gazette.*

EGYPTIAN MECHANICS.

The height of the great Pyramid, the tomb of Khufu, of Cheops, of the fourth dynasty, was originally 480 feet 9 inches, and the base 764 feet. It is virtually a mass of solid masonry, for the rock must take up but a small proportion of the interior, and the chambers and passages have no appreciable relation to the whole bulk. The material chiefly employed is the limestone on which the structure stands, which was in part cleared away to make a level platform; but the finer quality, used for the casing stones and lining of passages, was quarried on the other side of the river, nearly ten miles away, and the red granite, also used for inner casing and for the sarcophagus, was quarried at Syene, at the extreme south of Egypt, nearly five hundred and fifty miles away by the course of the river. We must remember that the Third Pyramid, now 203 ft. high, was cased in part or wholly with granite of Syene. How did the Egyptians contrive to transport and raise these vast block of stone? Let us look at the whole process. First, the labor of quarrying, without any of the modern aids of blasting, must have been enormous, especially when the hard red granite, which turns the edge of our modern steel tools, and yet was cut by bronze ones, had to be hewn out and shaped into accurate blocks. The transport to the river was not difficult, and the descent on rafts during the high Nile would have met no risks but from sandbanks. At this period of the year the rafts would have been brought by a canal very near the site of the pyramid. A causeway, of which there are remains, would have made the land transport less difficult. But it must be remembered that the only mode of moving great masses was by means of sledges drawn by men or oxen. So far we see only a vast expenditure of almost unaided labor; how vast we do not appreciate, for it is beyond imagination to master the tremendous work; we are constantly confused by our being unable to cast away the modern notions of facility to which we are accustomed. All this preliminary labor was followed by the actual work of building. The Great Pyramid is not a mass of piled-up stones; it is a model of constructive skill. A sheet of paper cannot be placed between the casing-stones, and we can scarcely imagine that any mortar was spread upon their sides. The passages present no roughness that could arrest the sarcophagus. Everything was exquisitely finished. Allowance was made for the pressure of the vast mass. The great chamber of the sarcophagus has no less than five small chambers above it to lighten the superincumbent weight; over the entrance of the first passage two great stones are placed in a vaulted position for the same purpose. In consequence, nothing has given way. Our real difficulty begins when we endeavor to explain any mode by which the great blocks of which the pyramid is built were placed in position at their various heights until the top stone was put upon the summit, and the work of casing completed the wonder. It would be easy to find a method, if it did not entail as much labor as the building of the pyramid itself. Rejecting any such view, the most reasonable conjecture that can be offered is that inclined planes ran along the sides of the giant steps in which the pyramid was built, and that the stones were dragged up them by the workmen. It is necessary here to note that, when the mummy of the King had been placed in the sepulchral chamber, the entrance passage was permanently closed, and heavy portcullises lowered at intervals, this needing great mechanical skill. The chapel attached to each pyramid for the sepulchral rites was built at a suitable distance in front of it, contrary to the practice in the tombs of subjects around it, in which the chapel was constructed in the mass of the masonry or hewn in the rock. The final closing of every pyramid, which was the universal custom, is an important fact which in itself is enough to disprove a scientific heresy, according to which deep secrets were concealed in the heart of the Great Pyramid for the enlightenment of remote generations. Professor Piazzi Smyth does not consider the red granite sarcophagus a royal coffin, like every other sarcophagus in Egypt, but a divinely appointed sacred standard connecting the ancient measures with, for instance, the English inch. Yet more here, and in other parts of the pyramid, he fancies that he sees the indications of profound astronomical truths which were unknown to the old Egyptians. This phantasy has been pushed to the length of making the pyramid not alone a record of an ancient faith, but a stone prophecy of the ages to come. An Egyptologist may ridicule a theory which destroys the whole value of his labors; a logician may protest against the selection of one pyramid in which to found a hypothesis and the rejection of all others, and the choice of measurements which best suit the evolution of the fancies of the spectator; but the true answer can only be given by good mathematicians. They can explain the reasons of the proportions which have been interpreted away from their original purpose, and show how easy it is to prove anything to the uninitiated by those "dangerous playthings," numbers, which at least deceive the theorist himself. Sir Henry James, Royal Engineer, and Professor Wackerbarth, of Upsala, have thus abundantly refuted the extraordinary fancies of Professor Piazzi Smyth.—*R. G. Potts, in Contemporary Review.*

It is a safer thing any time to follow a man's advice than his example.

AN UNEXPECTED RISE.

I stood on the porch at evening,
  When the sun went silently down,
And the June-bug bright in the starry night,
  Flew merrily through the town.

Oh, sweet were the gentle zephyrs
  That blew from the balmy south,
And red were the lips and sweet the sips
  That I took from the pretty mouth.

Her tiny waist was encircled
  By my arm so strong and true,
Said I, "Whose ducky are you, love?"
  "Yours," she murmured, "and whose are you?"

Oh, the hallowed hours of that evening!
  Oh, the cruel caprice of Fate!
Her father, unkind, came up from behind,
  And fired me over the gate.

—*Chicago Tribune.*